

remaining son, John, having risen to be Secretary at War under King William, threw himself a week later, his pockets filled with stones, from a boat that was shooting London Bridge, because he felt too deeply that he had ill advised the Kong. Her own death was hastened by sorrow for the Queen's (1695). So after forty years William Temple was left once more alone. There in the shades of Moor Park, where a new and very different love from his was springing up between his moody Irish secretary, Jonathan Swift, and young Esther Johnson, could he find after all, one wonders, in the long career he looked back on, any other piece of diplomacy that had really mattered so much to him as a girl's quick tact in the Isle of Wight, half a century before? For kingdoms pass, and treaties snap like rotten threads, and all our tortuous statecraft is only a cumbrous machinery to help make man's life worth living, only one precarious means to that elusive end; the best it can achieve is to keep alive a civilisation in which human beings as lovable as Dorothy Osborne can find, and be, and forget themselves.

NOTE. There are two excellent editions of Dorothy Osborne's *Letters*, by Judge Parry (1888; reprinted in *Wayfarer's Library* and *Everyman's Library*), and by G. C. Moore-Smith (1928). Admirable as the latter is for the student, the ordinary reader may, I think, get more enjoyment from the other with its modernised spelling and punctuation, which suits the essential modernity of Dorothy.